

ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING.

On yonder rock reclining,
That fierce and swarthy form behold !
Fast his hands his carbine hold,
'Tis his best friend of old !

This way his steps inclining !
His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,
And his velvet cloak hangs low,
Playing in careless flow,
E'en while the storm is beating;
Afar hear echo repeating
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

Although his foes waylaying,
He fights with hate and rage combined,
Tow'rds the gentle fair they find,
He's ever mild and kind.

The maid too heedless straying,
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)
Home returns full sad and slow :
What can have made her so ?

Each one the maiden meeting
Is sure to be repeating,
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

While thus his deeds accusing,
Let justice, too, at least be shown,—
All that's lost here, let us own,
Mayn't be his prize alone.

Full oft his name abusing,
Perchance some young and rustic beau,
Whilst his hopes with conquest glow,
At beauty's shrine bows low.

Each sighing lover dread,
For of him more truly be it said—
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

Music of this Song to be obtained at

G. ANDRE & CO'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 1104 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADEEPHIA.